NOTES OF THE WEEK.

All our official and semi-official spokesmen during the last two weeks have been re-affirming our need of victory. Mr. Asquith did it with the superlative degree of moderation, scarcely distinguishable from reluctance to commit himself. Mr. Churchill did it with the comparative degree of assurance; but Mr. Lloyd George was positive on the subject. "Without the vitalising force of victory," he said, "all such phrases as a League of Nations and arbitration will remain nothing but words." It is because we agree with Mr. Lloyd George that victory is essential to the final discrediting of the principles of Prussian militarism which we venture to ask the further questions whether and upon what conditions a decisive victory is now possible.

That victory grows more necessary with every access of power to Prussia everybody in this country, we are sure, agrees. Nobody with any sense of values can doubt that if Prussia is left standing, after the war, the world will be Prussianised into a state of permanent barbarism. On the other hand, the more vital our victory is seen to be the future welfare of the world, the more obscure to the man in the street is the prospect of it appearing to become. He therefore needs more than assurances that it is necessary, he needs renewed assurances that it is possible.

And when we say possible, we have in mind Clausewitz's distinction between the two forms of strategy indispensable to the successful conduct of a modern war—civil strategy and military strategy. These two forms, while in one sense they are independent of each other, are at the same time mutually dependent. A modern army that has not complete confidence in the morale of the nation behind it is in danger of losing its own morale; and similarly a nation at war that has not complete confidence in the military command of its army tends to lose confidence in itself. For this reason it is almost impossible to exaggerate the importance of maintaining in the civil population a good spirit both as to ends and as means. An essential part of the work of the Government is, in fact, to maintain the spirit of the nation by as many and various means as the spirit of the Army is sought to be maintained by the military command. If there are grievances in the public mind, they must be sympathetically enquired into and remedied. If certain persons or classes are failing in their duty and thereby jeopardising public morale, they must be dealt with. Mere grumblings, of course, ought to be treated as such; but common sentiments when they are outraged are a serious matter. Now is it the fact, we ask, that in these respects our Government has done what ought to be done? Making every allowance for the difficulty of their task, we must reply that while a number of grievances have been attended to, the Government have neglected to dig down to the roots of the trouble. They have contented themselves with a plaster when the disease has demanded something drastic. This has been the case with three matters of which we cannot say that one is of greater or lesser importance than another. With the evil of war-profiteering, with the licence still given to luxury-trades, and with the disease that little has been attempted.

Since we appear to have in prospect a long war before arriving at victory, and since, again, it is certain that victory is impossible without the hearty co-operation of the whole nation, we are entitled to require that each of these three main civil grievances shall be remedied. Concerning profiteering it is the simple truth to say that its total suppression is a war-
measure of the first importance. It is not enough to have confiscated eighty per cent. of war-profits; there must be no war-profits whatever. Every penny of war-profit is a loss of much more than money to the nation: it is a deadly blow to our national morale. Then it must be said that the luxury-trades can no longer be indulged. It is perfectly useless to pretend that we are really fighting for our existence when on any afternoon hundreds of obviously comfortable citizens can be seen fighting in the West-end for luxurious bargains. It is equally ridiculous of the Press to support in one column the appeals of the Chancellor for economy and of the Labour Minister for labour, and in the next appeal to readers to go on shopping. Weak-minded as the majority of us are, an appeal to spend needs only the opportunity to spend to become irresistible; and so long, therefore, as the shops are filled with articles of luxury, and the Press is filled with appeals to us to buy them, the luxury-trade will flourish among us even while our existence is at stake. Finally, it is obvious that we have approached little nearer than in print to the spirit of the phrase, equality of sacrifice. That there was in the first days of the war a will to equality nobody can deny. Never was a nation in a more heroic mood than when the legal mind of Mr. Asquith first began to pour cold water on it. The mood dies hard, it is still alive. But it needs to be nourished on deeds. If we are as a civil population to carry through the war to victory, this spirit of equality must be revived and strengthened. It must be expressed in Acts and Regulations of Parliament.

In denouncing luxuries we ought, however, to distinguish between luxuries and the so-called luxuries of culture. The latter are not really necessities at all; but they are, on the other hand, necessities of the highest practical utility. Too many people suppose that it is something to have saved expenditure on the things of sweetness and light — education, art, literature, music — and to spend the savings on what they call real necessities. The truth, however, is very opposite. Of material necessities the present supply is nowhere near the demand; and for this reason the demand should be curtailed. But of the necessities of culture the demand is not now, and never has been, and never will be, anywhere near the supply. What is more, we can safely indulge in the necessities of culture without imperilling the nation by our greed; for all we demand only increases the supply available for everybody; we increase culture by consuming it. Moreover, as Mr. Penty has taught us, the economic effects of a consumption of the things of culture are all good. Few objects of culture require very much material sustenance; they make little or no drain upon the economic resources of society. The diversion of spending from material to cultural things would therefore in many cases both increase our or commodity supply of the country; but, on the other hand, it would fill the country with real treasure. The plain living and high thinking of society is dictated by the conditions of the present war, which, indeed, in many other respects, provides such a justification for idealism as has never before been witnessed. Consider only two or three examples of it. Is it not certain that the nation that will emerge triumphant from the war is precisely the most Christian, the most Socialist nation, and the nation most nearly fraternal? These, which were mere ideals in the days of peace, have become legislative necessities during the war. We can say, in fact, that what Parliament has been required to do when the practical utility of practical Christianity, practical Socialism, and practical fraternity as conditions of practically carrying on the war. And Parliament's failure has been from a defect and not an excess of this practical idealism.

Having briefly examined the civil conditions of victory, we may next inquire into the military conditions. Here we are of necessity somewhat in the dark; and it is the business of the Government discreetly to enlighten us. In his speech on Friday last, Mr. Lloyd George remarked that a Government must be prepared to face the obloquy of a confession of defeat if at any time defeat should appear to be inevitable. At the same time he assured us that a military victory is in his judgment possible; and that he had by no means yet despaired of it. These, it must be admitted, are very different words from those employed by Mr. Lloyd George a year ago. Even until within the last month or two, Cabinet Ministers, Generals, and Admirals were all loudly asserting that victory was inevitable. We write with only public knowledge upon the subject, but we confess to some uneasiness at the sudden change of tone. Was the Russian collapse so unforeseeable a few weeks ago that our statesmen when prophesying a certain victory could not have been expected to take it into account? And if they were so short-sighted then, are they any the better now? If their hopes were liars, may not their present fears be? The difficulty for the average citizen is to know who or what to believe in the Babel of tongues and rumours. Plainly, we are at the mercy of our military advisers, who alone can tell us (if anybody can) whether and approximately when a military victory can be achieved. How the situation presents itself to us, however (with all the reservations above made), is something as follows; and, moreover, we believe these conclusions to be general. In the first place, we no longer believe that the European Allies alone are able to win a decisive victory over Prussian militarism. On the contrary, it now appears that from the moment when Russia has been an auxiliary and a principal in the war, this country must be prepared to become an auxiliary to another principal, or, at least, a co-principal with her, namely, with America. For, in the second place, if we cannot any longer be certain of winning alone, we can, at any rate, be certain of winning in alliance with America. And this is our present assurance. But against this assurance, if we may write frankly, objections have been raised to which a public reply ought to be made. It is not consonant with the dignity of the European Allies, so it is said, to require the co-operation of America in the European task of crushing Prussian militarism; and it is not safe, so Dean Inge warns us, to expose Europe to "the upper millstone of America and the nether millstone of Asia." In reply to the first objection, it is enough to observe that Prussian militarism is not a European menace only, it is a menace to democracy all over the world. While, therefore, it may be something of a reflection on Europe that we have allowed a menace of this kind to arise among us, and to have failed to suppress it by our own exertions, it is not a disgrace to our co-operation of the world, but it would be adding a crime to a blunder to neglect to welcome it. And in reply to Dean Inge's gloomy forebodings, we would say that the peril he describes is future and imaginary, while the peril of Prussia is present and real.
We must clearly recognise, however, that in transferring our focus from Europe to a world that includes America, consequential transfers of no small importance are involved. If we cannot win the war by ourselves but must needs depend for final victory upon the support of others who are not only distant and neutral, our statesmen will have to be more profound in feeling of satisfaction the British people have shown to the suffering of the war; and to neglect her counsel in the war as they are certainly likely to be ineffectual. The labours made in Russia have been the mistakes chiefly of the Cadet or Liberal party rather than of the Socialist parties. The Labour party is not so confident to-day of the success of a pacifist policy as it was formerly, though, in truth, democracy is nearer to-day than ever before. On the other hand, the Fabian influence upon the Labour party seems to have grown in strength. Increased emphasis is laid upon the need to establish after the war a 'Supernational authority,' composed of all the nations proportionally represented, and charged with the maintenance of the world's peace. On this occasion we shall say nothing unfriendly to a proposal so typical of the Fabian mind, with its love of machinery and its distrust of spirit. We will only once again remark that if Prussia remains the uniting of Governments in their present capitalist forms, not the uniting of Governments in their present capitalist forms of a past being established, we will not of necessity be more pacifist power, no supernational authority will long be possible; and that if Germany becomes democratic, any supernational authority will be superfluous. The proper policy of Labour, moreover, we conceive to be the creation of a new International of Capitalists or capitalist forms than the uniting of the peoples through their Labour and Socialist parties. It is true that the latter policy has not hitherto been much of a success; but to create an International of Capitalists is not of necessity a better alternative than a fresh attempt to create a Socialist International. For a Labour party, in short, the present version of war-aims is too much coloured by bureaucracy to be the last word on the subject.

Indispensable as victory is, and certain as it appears if Europe can endure until America can exert her strength, there is nevertheless ample room for diplomacy. In this sphere it can scarcely be said that the Allies have many triumphs to their credit. The field is therefore, still open. The most promising field, moreover, is the one which has been hitherto the most neglected, that of the people of Germany. We are aware, of course, of all that can be urged against this means of conning the Prussian power. It is impracticable and it would be ineffective if it could be made practicable. Where there is America, however, there is a way; and the lead given to the Allies by President Wilson is at least as worth the trial as many another. That the democratisation of Germany would be effective against militarism we have not, for ourselves, anticipated. The democratisation of Germany would, in fact, be the symbol of the destruction of Prussian militarism, and the best evidence we can accept. For the contrary assumption, made by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and others, that Prussian militarism can be destroyed while leaving the Prussian autocracy standing, takes no account of the identity of an autocracy with militarism. An autocracy, unlike a democracy, needs an army not occasionally but permanently. Leaning thus upon the army, such a Government is as much bound to keep the Government's purpose in war depends upon the wealthy classes is bound to be capitalist. Its nominal head may be a Prince of Peace, as the ex-Tsar thought himself at one time and the Kaiser would still have the world think the Emperor of Germany; but he is a slave of the power of the Army that supports his throne. To transform the character of the constitution is therefore to transfer the dependence of the monarch from the military to another caste in the State. The new supporters may be the wealthy classes, and we have capitalism, but not militarism. Or it may be the Germans generally, and then we have democracy, but not militarism. Our diplomatic object should therefore be by all means in our power (and they are to be found if we look for them) to bring about a constitutional revolution in Germany, in the certainty that an autocratic change is necessarily anti-militarist. If Stockholm is a fulcrum, let us go to Stockholm.

The Labour Party's revised version of war-aims differs significantly from the authorised version published some eighteen months ago. President Wilson congratulated on her Revolution, though, in truth, the mistakes made in Russia have been the mistakes of the Cadet or Liberal party rather than of the Socialist parties. The Labour party is not so confident to-day of the success of a pacifist policy as it was formerly, though, in truth, democracy is nearer to-day than ever before. On the other hand, the Fabian influence upon the Labour party seems to have grown in strength. Increased emphasis is laid upon the need to establish after the war a 'Supernational authority,' composed of all the nations proportionally represented, and charged with the maintenance of the world's peace. On this occasion we shall say nothing unfriendly to a proposal so typical of the Fabian mind, with its love of machinery and its distrust of spirit. We will only once again remark that if Prussia remains the autocratic militarist power, no supernational authority will long be possible; and that if Germany becomes democratic, any supernational authority will be superfluous. The proper policy of Labour, moreover, we conceive to be the creation of a new International of Capitalists or capitalist forms than the uniting of the peoples through their Labour and Socialist parties. It is true that the latter policy has not hitherto been much of a success; but to create an International of Capitalists is not of necessity a better alternative than a fresh attempt to create a Socialist International. For a Labour party, in short, the present version of war-aims is too much coloured by bureaucracy to be the last word on the subject.

No blame can be attached to Lord Northcliffe's fraternal scapegoat, Lord Rothermere, the new Air Minister, for the coincidence of his accession to office and the renewal of German air-attacks on this country. We are likely to see many more of them, the Air Minister Lord Northcliffe himself. Lord Rothermere, however, is responsible for his words, and what he says is evidence against his intelligence. Speaking last week he said that "we are determined that the enemy's worst hopes,
Turkey out of the

would

Bulgaria. Bulgaria

Entente Powers, following their customary policy of

from invasion. Further, if Turkey decided (as

known to everybody. The time has now come, I

more stubborn; far from it. Rut we

end are not

We know that,

political situation may be made. It is well known that

sources, enough

terms to be had, The other school, dominated

both during and after' the war. One comment on this

retire from an obviously uneven conflict on the best

in the course of the

coast-line of the Lower Levant. Coincidentally,

Germany may become accentuated. We know,

is

the

of politicians whose adherence to Germany seemed to

history between Kunersdorf

and Beersheba, it has now ended in the fall

of

their enemies can improve upon

an

She

her present predominant partner, whereas

administration when their help was specifically

asked, as she did in 1911: and again in 1913, on

managing Turkey's internal affairs herself. The

mission of Admiral Lympus, lent by the British

Government to reorganise the Turkish Army, was

never on a level with the mission of Marshal von der

Goltz and General Liman von Sanders, lent by the

Berlin Government to reorganise the Turkish Army. From

the definite commencement of the Bagdad Railway in

1898 (I speak only of the more recent and continuous

developments) German influence in Turkey remained

paramount for ten years. The Entente Powers

tain have made an end of it; and the Revolution showed

them the way. But Frederick's boast, unfortunately,

was justified. The Entente hesitated, partly because

their representatives on the spot were inexperienced,

slow to think, and given to rather publishing than

and revolt. The German brain worked more rapidly,

and after a short interregnum was once more in

control of the Porte. I have said why the Entente Powers

failed in part. I should add that another cause of

their failure at this time was the unquestioned menace

of the Central Powers. After a protest over the

Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina

nothing was done; and as the Central Powers, unlike

the Entente countries, were prepared to go to war to

attain their ends, nothing could be done. England,

France, Russia, Turkey, and Serbia were united on

the one side; and, logically, the European war should

have broken out then. It did not, simply because at

that time Germany was the only country in the world

ready to flood her neighbours with a couple of million

well-drilled, well-armed soldiers. Nor was the lesson

heeded.

Now Germany, for once, has failed to come to the

support of an ally. It is true enough to say that from

the military point of view Jerusalem is of little

consequence; but this being the question as to

matter to allow Turkey's enemies to secure possession

of this historic area, including the coast. Jerusalem

itself may not matter, but Gaza and Jaffa matter a

great deal. The utmost the Germans can promise is

that they will safeguard Turkey-in-Europe and Turkey

proper in Asia, and that they will furnish continued

protection and financial aid after the war. But we

can do all these things, and do them better. Russia

has renounced her claim to the Straits; and the Mesopota-

mia oil-wells were made over to us in 1915. We

can rid Turkey of the iniquitous kilometric guarantee

attaching to the Bagdad Railway concession; we can

guarantee equitable democratic protection, and we can

certainly furnish more money, and on more generous

terms, for post-bellum development. By "we" I

mean, naturally, the Entente Powers as a whole; for

we have none of us anything to lose by guaranteeing

the integrity of what constitutes the Turkish Empire.

Now, however, the time is particularly opportune for

saying so. A British Army has the upper hand in

Palestine and in Mesopotamia; more than a quarter of

a million Greek troops are in training; the Russians

are still fighting on the Persian frontier; and the

Turkish Armies, under German leaders, cannot for the

moment hold their own. Let us assume that there are

Entente statesmen wise enough to profit by these

events.
The Function of the State.

By Arthur J. Peaty.

It is typical of the confusion in which a generation of Collectivists, thinkers, and politicians, has involved social theory, that when to-day men speculate on the attributes of the State in the society of the future they invariably proceed upon the assumption that its primary function is that of organisation. The Syndicalist with his firmer grip on reality realises that when they discarded an extensive, unprincipled, and incompetent organiser, rightly comes to the conclusion that if the State can find no better apology for its existence, it is an encumbrance—a conclusion from which I can see no escape for such as conceive organisation to be the primary function of the State.

Several National Guildsmen, though accepting the State as essential to a well-ordered society, have not been able to escape from this dilemma. Mr. Hobson dismisses the idea that the primary function of the State is organisation, but conceives of it as spiritual, though the examples he employs, with the exception of education, namely, foreign policy, public health and local government, appear to me to be more mundane than spiritual. Even this, however, is partly begging the question. It is not a satisfactory answer to the Syndicalist. It is for the example of activities for which a Guild Congress may not perhaps be properly qualified to deal, but it offers us no clear principle for guidance.

Mr. Hobson’s understanding of “spiritual” is different from mine; and I would say that if the State cannot justify itself as an organiser, it certainly cannot do so as a spiritual influence. Not only does it not exercise any spiritual influence to-day but it is questionable if it has ever done so in the past. On the contrary, it appears to me to exercise a harmful influence on whatever spiritual activities it has taken under its protection. Most people would probably agree that the influence of the State upon the English Church has been an influence entirely bad. The one section of the Church to-day which is really alive is the High Church, and it is significant that it is among High Churchmen that advocates of disestablishment are to be found. Nobody will be found to defend our national educational system or maintain that the participation of the State in the task of education has in any way fulfilled the expectations of its promoters. Nor, again, can anyone maintain that the protection of the State exhibited by a degree of insight or understanding. It is, I believe, in the nature of things that this should be so, for the State is of earth earthy. The problem of temporal power which engages its attention does not tend to create an atmosphere in which things spiritual can grow.

If then the State is not to be justified as an organiser, nor can it exercise spiritual functions, on what grounds is it to be justified? The experience of history provides the answer. The function of the State is to give protection to the community: military protection in the first place; civil protection in the next; and economic protection in the last. Let me deal with economic protection first, for if I am to be understood at all I must make it clear that I refer to something very different from the “protection” of current politics. Protection is a two-edged sword and may just as easily be a curse as a blessing. Protection against the economic enemy beyond the seas is the necessary corollary of any stable economic system; but protection against the economic enemy within the State is the primary necessity, for it means the protection of the workers against exploitation. It involves the recreation of the Guilds. By chartering these the State gives economic protection to the community.

The connection between an economic protection of this order and military and civil protection may not at first sight be obvious. But a little thought will perhaps demonstrate that they are mutually dependent upon each other. They have this one thing in common—that they each seek to guard society against the predations of the man of prey. Economic protection or privilege is demanded for the Guild in order to prevent the man of prey from securing his ends by means of trickery. Civil protection is demanded in order to prevent the same type of man from securing his ends by means of personal violence. Military protection is demanded in order to secure the community against attack from without, which is the inevitable consequence of the natural domination of any man or group of men by men of this type. From this point of view the differing psychology of nations is to be explained. The internationalist may be right in affirming that, taken in the mass, men are very much alike all over the world. But in practical affairs what makes the difference is the type of man that dominates a civilisation, for the dominating type give the tone to a community, and it is that which in politics must be reckoned with.

The manifest truth of this view of the function of the State has been obscured by two things. Firstly, by the undoubted fact that to-day the State has been captured by the man of prey; and, secondly, by the acceptance by reformers of Rousseau’s doctrine of the “natural perfection of mankind.” The first may, or may not, be a reason for giving the existing State an unqualified support. The second is a more serious matter, because it tends to confirm the man of prey in the possession of the State by standing in the way of the only thing that can finally dislodge him—the growth of a true social philosophy. It has always been a mystery to me why Rousseau’s doctrine should have been accepted by Socialists. How they reconcile their belief in the natural perfection of mankind with their violent hatred of capitalists I am entirely at a loss to understand. If the domination of the modern world by capitalists is its dominating type, it is the more important that when the State withdrew economic protection from its citizens by suppressing the Guilds the capitalist, by a process of natural selection, came to dominate the lives of the more scrupulous members of society, then how is it to be explained? To exonerate capitalists from responsibility by blaming the “system” is pure nonsense, because it presupposes the existence of a social system independent of the wills of its individual members, and especially of capitalists who are its dominating type. Moreover, to speak of capitalism as the capitalist system is itself a misnomer, for it is not in any sense a system. On the contrary, capitalism is a chaotic and disorderly growth, every attempt to bring order into which reacts to increase the prevailing confusion. Socialists are right in hating capitalists; they are wrong in denying the justification for that hatred—original sin. I insist upon a frank recognition of this fact because I do not see how the Guilds are to be restored apart from it; for just in the same way as the modern Parliamentary electoral system is the political expression of the doctrine of the natural perfection of mankind, so the Guild system in the Middle Ages was the political expression of the doctrine of original sin. About this no two opinions are possible. The Medievalists realised that rogues are born, as well as made, and moreover, the only way to prevent the growth of a cult of rogues such as oppresses the modern world is to recognise frankly the existence of evil tendencies in men and to legislate accordingly. It was for this reason that they sought to suppress profiteering in its various forms of fore-stalling, re-grading and adulteration, for they realised that rogues are dangerous men and that the only way to control them is to suppress them at the start by insisting that all men who set up in business should conform to a strict code of morality in their business dealings and daily life. Liberalism, with its faith in the natural perfection of mankind, was built upon the opposite assumption—that the best will come to the top if men are left free to follow their own devices. They sought to inaugurate an industrial millennium by
denying economic protection to the workers while they dreamed of a day when military protection would no longer be necessary. Both of these illusions have been shattered by the war, but the doctrine upon which they were built—the natural perfection of mankind—remains with us to perpetuate our confusion. When it, too, is shattered we may recover the theory of the State.

An Apology for the Liberty of the Person.

VII.

If we regard Socialism on its non-economic side, nothing in its recent developments will strike us more than the appearance within it of the theological doctrine of Original Sin. Marx, the father of us all, would, I think, have found the idea rather to his taste: but it would have greatly distressed and annoyed Engels. Responsiblity for its definite introduction into Socialist writings lies with M. Sorel, while the late Mr. Hulme and Mr. de Maeztu have spread the light in England. But there is, so far as I know, nowhere any very precise attempt to define the doctrine in its political applications or to consider its relations to its previous appearances. M. Sorel and Mr. Hulme give the impression that they are quite unaware how extraordinarily diverse have been the interpretations the doctrine has received in the history of the Christian Church. Various phlogers which Mr. Hulme published in The New Age indicated fairly well his own point of view in its general features; he said enough to give us cause to regret most bitterly the loss of his fertile mind to the discussion of the political philosophy of the Guilds; and it is left to the rest of us to complete the exposition and criticism of his ideas, both on Original Sin and on other things. Mr. de Maeztu’s position I find harder still to understand, because it does seem to me rather difficult to connect with any theological doctrine that has ever been called by that name. Fathers and Doctors alike would feel uneasy in his company.

A rather subtle confusion, in short, underlies Mr. de Maeztu’s position, and at the very least obscures, if it does not actually falsify, his thinking. An undue eagerness to possess the truth is a vice which Good men before him, an intense desire to show that the substance of his faith has been a possession of all great Western minds has led him astray. From the most usual consequence of this manner of thinking, that of twisting the writings of the classical philosophers to suit his argument—a practice always carried through in all good faith—Mr. de Maeztu seems almost entirely free. But it is strange that the conflict of the attitudes of mind that we call religion and morality should have escaped him; and not a few of the troubles arising from the theory of Original Sin, which belongs altogether to religion, to the region of morality, where it inevitably breeds confusion. This is the more surprising since (so far as one can judge from his writings) Mr. de Maeztu follows on the whole the Catholic and not either the earlier Augustinian or the later Protestant tradition. Both in his case and in that of Mr. Hulme we are frequently reminded of the Calvinist doctrine of the moral perversity of the individual. Within politics, at least, concupiscence seems always to be sin, in the eyes of these reformers. The corresponding idea in morals is precisely the element absent partly from St. Thomas and almost entirely from later Scholasticism. Their views of the freedom of the will and the natural man are quite normal, and do not suffer from an overstrained religiosity.

Whatever views one may hold on the ultimate nature of religion and morality or about their validity, the opposition of the attitudes they adopt towards the individual remains and can hardly escape attention. Morality refers to the conduct of men: and it lays on them duties and obligations. Their activities and their minds and selves are its concerns: and the fact that a philosopher holds that these have no value for their own sake should not prevent his seeing this. All he need do is argue either that they have a derived value or that morality doesn’t matter. Similarly ethics is no science of values in general or in the abstract. Morality is the main part of its subject matter: it deals with values realised in conduct. But religion, on the other hand, is not in the first instance interested in what men are or do. It has to lead them beyond themselves and make its members capable of acting in its interests with regard to other things. It can deal with the universe, to devotion to things worth having in entire independence of our success or failure in attaining them and of whether they exist or not. For religion it is true that the individual is of no account; and a man seeks its consolation precisely when his own strength can do no more for him. He desires something secure against accident and chance; and he finds it either in a God more or less omnipotent or in devotion to an end imperial so far as his insignificant self is concerned. Original Sin expresses this state of mind clearly enough: but it would falsify and contradict morality. In a word, sin is not an ethical idea in the strict sense at all. The moralist may talk about wrong-doing. But only the theologian can know enough of the mind of God to mention sin.

Even if we agree that religion represents an attitude more valuable in itself and at the same time more ultimate than morality, that does not mean that it swallows up the latter, so that it can have no rights on its own account. A religion is something more than a Church, a Church is something more than a religion, and the Church is something more than a religion. To drag the doctrine of Original Sin into politics suggests a day of humiliation in which we
Studies in Contemporary Mentality.

By Ezra Pound.

XVII.—THE SLIGHTLY SHOP-WORN.

"Do them, they'll only feel hurt if you don't." In response to this friendly advice, I can answer but "Quare? For what cause, and to what effect?" The "Saturday Review," "The Athenaeum," "The Nation," the etc., are in about the same format. What, under heaven, is the use of finding there worth my sixpence? Concerning these papers I have already an impression— and not the least curiosity. My impression is that no one of the least consequence has written in these papers during the last ten years; that no active idea has celebrated itself in their columns; that no critic whose mind is of the least interest has therein expressed himself in regard to literature or the arts. Books have in them been reviewed, and essays (by courtesy) printed, and these have, I think, been fashioned in accord with some half-forgotten editorial policy formed by the editor before the editor before last. Not one of their writers has looked upon literature, or painting, or even politics, for himself; they are a limbo of marceous ideas; ideas that, when they are worn out even for "The Athenaeum," are passed on to Messrs. Holder and Stoughton and their clerks to be re-written to be little more anything than a stream like Sorel, to exhaust it, and what else is there compels us to be the elect, if they ever think of Original Sin; and they think themselves justified and sanctified even in this world. Against such restraint of princes liberty is the only remedy. And Mr. de Maetzought to require nothing more as a minimum than the demonstration that this is not inconsistent with the functional principle.

If it be replied, however, that to argue in this way is to be sceptical about knowledge, no answer can be made except that doubt is always possible. Where matters of fact enter, certainty is in the nature of the case not to be had, but can be made certain by evidence. Propositions which concern values, and only values, are, I agree, theoretically certain: for such knowledge is a priori. But though these enter as elements into all political reasoning, they do not exhaust it, and what else is there competent to a good deal on faith? We can ask of Mr. de Maetzoult the old questions: "Who is to exercise the compulsion, and what are they to compel?" No amount of reference to the primacy of things will furnish an answer to them, and to murmur Original Sin will leave us cold. But, I repeat, though these arguments are not for Mr. de Maetzoult they are not sufficient for M. Sorel; for he believes in an absolute ethics.

O. LATHAM.
In fact, this old jig about the kind heart and the
comet is the sum total of all the literary (alleged)
criticism that has appeared in England for a decade, in
"Punch," in the "Bookman," in whatever of these old
puddings you will. It is all they have had to say about
the novel, or about poetry, or the drama. They say
such-and-such a character . . . etc. . . . but we all know
what they say and what they mean. Passons.

They have even tolerated the exuberance of the Rus-

sian novel, because someone was crafty enough to
whisper that Dostoievsky was kind-hearted.

There has been the critical kind heart, as well, or
perhaps we should say the kind stomach, the "of-
course-I-can't-slate-him, you-know-he-once-asked-me-
"Punch," in the whisper that Dostoievsky was kind-hearted. I
thought be no poorer.

criticism that has appeared in England for a decade, in
such-and-such' a character . . . etc. . . . but we all know
what they say and what they do not say.

years old might cease this morning, and the world of
the old men when they were worth it, m- while

weeklies, monthlies and quarterlies more than twenty
part of our subject. Still, it is time that English critic-
ism shook off the hand of Polonius.

Even mixed staffs like that of the "Times" might drop
all men over sixty and all women over forty, with
no great detriment to themselves, and all English
women over forty, with months and quarters more than twenty
years old might cease this morning, and the world of
the old men when they were worth it, m- while

I am not saying this in any contempt for old age, and
I have, I think, not been tardy in expressing my re-
spect for old men when they were worth it, or while
the great ones were still among us. Even so the aged
have never, I think, been acute critics of what came
after them. The great critics have usually contented
themselves with an analysis of their predecessors, on
what they say and what they do not say.

But this is common to all ages and eras, and no needful
thing in the work of succeeding decades.

The creative faculty may, and often does, outlast the
critical. On the whole, about all an old critic can do,
or the energy of new work. People like Waugh,
and used as a sort of composite instrument. They
and the writers in the "Bookman," for

"Review" before and after his advent is a matter of
the hee-haw and smart-Elic varieties (Douglas can
be even offensive.

As it was, so to speak, a streak of luck that I should
hit on the very number of "Nash's" which had "all
of them in it," all the gang of wash-fictioneers, so also
I count it a stroke of luck that I should find the plush
centres of British bigotry so neatly and beautifully
in tabulation.

When you consider that the only force sufficiently
powerful to combat this set of log-heads, is a gang of
people who desire to repopulate the Empire to a re-
population, with a gang of people;
within the borders and purlicus of, if not slavery, at
least something near it; you may judge the misfor-
tunes of England.

It has been said that all our real liberties are sur-
reptitious. Surely good customs and enlightenment
must also be surreptitious.

When you consider that England is, on the whole,
of all countries, the most comfortable, and the one
wherin there is, or has been, the most individual
freedom; that America is now boasting of the effi-
cieney of her secret police, and the facility wherein
she can suppress publications, you may, in some mea-
sure, gauge the misfortune of the world; you may
consider what terrible cunning is required for any man
to exist with intelligence.

One is driven back upon Remy de Gourmont's half
ironical question:

"Domains on fer la chasse aux idées ?" 
"Nul livre ne sera à l'abri d'une haine confraternelle."
As for remedy there is presumably only the slow remedy
as Mazzini perceived it: Education. But by what, and
through what? Through the schools? Through the
weekly or daily Press? Through the Universities of
England? which have had several centuries start;
through the universities of America which, according
to newspaper account are now waking, out of
Chauvinism, to the evils of Teutonisation, which no
amount of intellectual perception unaided by a world-
war, would have roused them to looking into?

"Renan avait bien raison : la bêtise humaine est la
scule chose qu'on donne de l'idée que de repopuler
l'Empire à un sacrifice de liberté et de bien-être.
And it is perhaps well that we should have some idea of "The

Footnote.—E pur si muove? So far as I can make
out from the florid columns before me, the association
of American professors who have set out for "un-
Americanisation" has not got to the evil bacillus
philology; they have only done a day's flag-waving.
I have several times in these columns dwelt on the effects
of this bacillus, and ten years ago I made myself very
much persona non grata by perceiving it in my own
university. The particular college president who is
"talking for the Press" in the example before me has not
apparently gone into the nature of "germanisation";
he treats the matter not only steriled but wholly on
rational lines. God help the "em

reform of the present English marriage laws, against
the tempering of this at present medieval institution
(as contrasted with the forms ofmatrimony practised
with great comfort and convenience under the so-
orderly and comparatively civilised Roman Empire).
Journey Round My Room.

V.

I have mentioned that a half of one wall in my room, for a reason unknown to all men but the architect (and by him forgotten), lies a foot or so back from its other half. This recess lies at right angles to the window, and is thus, in the daylight, the most conspicuous piece of wall in the room. Occupying the whole of this recess, both from floor to ceiling, is an Indian cotton print. The material and the execution are much rougher than the three delicate Masulipatam prints to which I have already compelled the reader’s attention. The design, too, is quite different. Whereas the Masulipatam prints have the conventional tigers, hinds, peacocks, cypresses and scrolls, this large, coarse hanging is wholly anecdotal. Its surface is divided into nine compartments, each about a yard square, and each representing an incident in the life of the hero.

I must confess that I do not know why the hero is. Possibly any Hindu could tell me his identity at once; but, as it happens, no one is rarer in my rooms than a Hindu visitor. (Somebody once asked me if it is true that Indian gentlemen, like Indian tea, are not improved by the long sea-journey to Europe.) If the incidents on the print were a little more unusual, I might be better acquainted with the one who is portrayed there. Unfortunately, although the nine incidents are certainly remarkable, they do not immediately remind me of famous occasions in the life of any particular Hindu hero. I should, for example, recognise Krishna in a moment, if he were hiding there in a tree beside the main character’s stained clothes, as once I saw him represented in silver.

It was at a famous temple, set in the midst of the Madras hills. Guards are stationed perpetually on all the hill-paths, lest any but the higher Hindu castes should intrude there. Neither a low-caste Hindu nor a Mohammedan has ever ascended the seven hills before which the temple stands. No more, probably, than half-a-dozen Englishmen have been allowed there; and, as these have all, with a trivial exception, been police superintendents detailed to watch the festival crowds, and to prevent fanatics from throwing themselves as sacrifices under the wheels of the great cars, they hardly count as human beings. I owed permission to be there to a very lucky chain of circumstances, which proved, incidentally, that highly unofficial recommendations are far more influential in India than official connections.

About the third evening of the festival, I was standing on a mound, not far from one of the gigantic walls of the temple. I could hear crowds moving and talking in the streets below, and sometimes I could make out the white blur of the clothing or banner of a group of passers-by. Suddenly, there was a hiss and the trail of a rocket hung in the air; the flash lit up for a moment the outlines of the temple walls and towers. Then from far off came a smoky glare of torches and a sound of singing. As the head of the procession rounded the corner and began to approach us, the noise of the crowd, growing and talking, increased. Last I was able to distinguish the men who were singing. They were a score or so of priests, bare-headed and bare-breasted, marching slowly along and chanting hymns. As they came quite near, the people hushed and prostrated themselves in prayer. The light of the rockets lit up the temple walls, and far beneath, the huge reverent crowd. The mound on which I stood above the road gradually grew light, and I made out various white-clad figures beside me, speaking the clipped, sing-song, Inerient English of the Balu.

The chanting Brahmins passed. Others succeeded them; some chanting, some walking solemnly and proudly beneath umbrellas of distinction. Then I made out three or four enormous elephants, harnessed one behind the other. They passed in front of us, each with its driver like a man in its own right. They were dragging a car of the god, and on it was the vast work in silver of which I am reminded. The silver tree was there, with a silver Krishna sprawling in its branches. All round stood silver milkmaids; their silver clothes waved from the branches of the silver tree high above, where the mischievous god had hung them. “When the car had passed, the procession closed abruptly with torch-bearers and another chorus of chanting Brahmins. The torches receded; only a weak glow, in which the shapes of the elephants seemed large beyond nature, showed the crowds of pilgrims following the last car. As the procession passed another corner of the temple walls, and all again grew dark and fragrant with the night flowers of India. I remember, too, that I lost my way home and fell headlong down a mound into an abbot’s garden.

But my print has no picture as familiar as that of Krishna in the tree. The middle scene of the top row shows the hero of the series venerating an image of Krishna. Krishna is of a dark blue hue, of course, and he is piping. He stands lightly on one foot and the other is crossed above it. By the almost religious simplicity of the carvings the power of all Krishna’s ten toes are spread out before us, one above the other. The craftsman would seem not to have dared to draw them in perspective. Who was he, he felt, to diminish the number of a god’s toes? So he spread them out; and Krishna displays his case, his ten dark-blue toes, and his flute on a pedestal. This tells us nothing of the identity of the hero who stands there venerating him. It may be Rama, or Arjuna, or, possibly, Krishna himself in another rôle.

On the right of the top row is a domestic scene. Our hero, evidently a native of his place, is led by a woman who, to judge by the position the artist has given to her ten toes, is approaching him at a run. She holds a cane and has raised it to strike him; but he is holding up his hand as if to calm her. A small acquaintance with Hindu mythology immediately explains the meaning of this picture. There is no doubt that the lady is the hero’s mother; she thinks her son an ordinary mortal like herself, and she is preparing to punish him in the mortal way for some mischievous crime. Perhaps he has been teasing his wife or sister, or his own son, by playing tricks on them. But the image of a god, does not intend to suffer the ignominy of chastisement and holds up his hand to stop her. We may be quite certain, though nothing of this is actually shown on the print, that when the mother, amazed at her demeanour, turns to look at him more closely she will observe his open mouth, and, looking within it, will see there all the countries and cities and waters of the earth and all its peoples, with herself among them and her son, the hero, too. But this scene is frequent in Hindu mythology, and we are less familiar with it than the hero is.

Another scene, equally simple, equally charming, equally conventional, shows our hero and his wife—she stands very respectfully behind him—betraying his son, just half the height of his parents and a shade yellower, to a maiden of the same size and colour, beside whom stand her parents, twice as tall but not nearly so yellow. It is raining blue showers very hard, and the little party holds thirty of its umbrellas out in the air over the mud. But any Hindu hero might be in this situation, with fewer umbrellas.

The six other scenes are all of much the same conventional type, full of toes and strange colours. The hero might be anybody, but whoever he is, we must be sure he is, very, very important. And having the place of honour in my room, he is much admired; which perhaps consoles him for losing his identity.
The Cortege: An Arlekin Episode.

By H. R. Barbor.

(A sunlit street scene. Up left is Pantaloon's grocery store, with a large window full of unsatisfactory foodstuffs obtrusively labelled. Next door, left, is a small bookshop owned by Piero. Pantaloon, a fat middle-aged merchant, typically a tradesman, in his shirt-sleeves and his gait stands on his door-step last. Antic, an extremely old fellow, hobbling in and waves his stick cordially to Pantaloon).

PANTALOON: A lovely morning, friend Antic. A splendid day for the funeral.

ANTIC: So? I have not heard.

PANTALOON: Should I ask if I had? Whose, I say?

PANTALOON: Arlekin's. Antic: Not young Arlekin—?

PANTALOON: Should I say so? It were not. 'Tis even he who has had the door shut in his impudent face.

ANTIC: Alas! Wellaway! Deary me!

PANTALOON: What! did he owe you money, too?

ANTIC: Oh, no! I was only thinking of the uncertainty of life, and how careful we must all be—even you and I, Master Pantaloon. One never knows.

PANTALOON: Was, Antic, one has lived irreproachably. . . . paid one's way. . . . brought up one's children properly, Master Antic?

ANTIC: Ay, but Death comes all the same.

PANTALOON: Antic! Oh, don't talk of that!

ANTIC: (whispering): It does seem hard, doesn't it? I'm sure I've harmed nobody; I've lived a regular life—seventy and seven years I've gathered my goods and done my civic duty. Yet last winter the doctor says to me, "Look out," says he, "be very careful, or you'll tip over the edge, my lad." It's very rough on me.

PANTALOON (shivering): Don't speak of it, old friend. . . . Anyhow, Arlekin's done with. . . . He deserved it. Burned the candle at both ends, he did. I knew he couldn't last long. The tides he led was bound to wear him out. Why, he revelled it all away in a month.

PANTALOON (aside): Dear me, dear me! What an accident. . . . excitement, you know. . . . you can't be as strong as you were.

ANTIC: In the wits, that's what you mean; ten times stronger, I assure you.

PANTALOON: I wouldn't suggest—

ANTIC: Wouldn't you? Then don't you try, old friend. No, no, I've never done with yet, by any means.

PANTALOON: But accidents will happen.

ANTIC: Yes, it's a way they have; and so I've made my will, and, although I haven't told him, I've left everything to nephew Piero on condition that he reveals it all away in a month.

PANTALOON (aside): Dear me, dear me! What senseless less terms! The silly old fool! (To Antic): But, dear old friend, what's the use of money to him if he has to spend it all?

ANTIC: That's all money's use, friend Pantaloon, to spend and to spend. That young fellow wants waking up, and I've determined he shall have a chance of salvation. No young man ought to read more than he drinks, and Piero is ridiculously sober.

PANTALOON: It's a wonder, with such a wife as he's got.

ANTIC: It is, but it's only an accident, and I feel that I'm to blame; but I hope my will may set things straight between us.

PANTALOON (aside): Pernicious, most pernicious. (To Antic): I cannot agree with you; but there, 'tis no affair of mine.

ANTIC: Just so. (Pantaloon gapes. Piero, in a black costume, comes to his shop door. He trails a great white handkerchief, with which he mops his face from time to time. He stands in silence for a while regarding the others, who remain rather embarrassed, trying not to see him.)

PANTALOON: Well, would you believe it?

ANTIC: What?

PANTALOON: Piero's in mourning.

ANTIC: For Arlekin . . . he was his friend.

PANTALOON: Much friendship, I will say! Why, don't you know Columbine . . . and Arlekin were—

ANTIC: He! he! he! You're on the look-out, you are, for things like that.

PANTALOON: I know, I tell you. Why, only the other day—

ANTIC: He! he! he! Women are like that, I suppose.

PANTALOON: Columbine is. Poor Piero! . . . Such a nice, refined fellow, too.

ANTIC: Death has seen to this for him; why do you bother yourself?

PANTALOON: Never interfere, but one can't help noticing. They didn't trouble to hide it.

I do not willingly observe
Vice and perversion; I preserve
An attitude of strict reserve,
And comment cautiously conserve.

But Arlekin and Columbine
With severed heads and arms a-twine
Decency's mantle of dusk decline.

Morn or night or in noontide's heat
They'd gallivant in our coy High Street,
With never a care for behaviour meet.

Though at night-tide you may
Have things your own way,
Yet none will gainaysy
That the least circumspect
Are bound to respect
The blaze of midday.

ANTIC: Well, there's nothing more to be said. A vice that's frank has lost its sting.
PANTALOON: But Piero in mourning . . . It isn’t decent.

PANTALOON: To be sure he did.

ANTIC: You told him, I suppose.

ANTIC: It considered it my duty to make that poor young man acquainted with the—

ANTIC: You would.

PANTALOON: In accordance with my civic capacity as a member of the Committee for Morals of our local Council, I—

ANTIC: Made a fuss.

PANTALOON: Really, Master Antic, old friend as you are, if it were not that I doubt your seriousness, I should regard that remark as an aspersion on my infallible good taste in these matters and as a reflection on our bosom.

ANTIC: A reflection might cast a little light upon them; they need brightening up—he! he! he! But, of course, you’re too old to alter and not old enough to understand. (Crosses to Piero, A.) Well, my boy, so your friend’s joined the grand procession.

PIERO: Ay . . . young Arlekin . . . poor Piero.

ANTIC: How is it you’re not going to the funeral?

PIERO: Columbine said we should all join them here . . . they came this way . . . She wouldn’t go . . . she said folk would talk. I don’t think that would matter much, do you?

ANTIC: Not a bit; they must talk.

PIERO: Ay, Columbine thought it better not to appear too prominently. She said folk would comment on it, if she were there. (Brightening:) But now she will be seen; always . . . (Smiles and weeps again.)

PANTALOON (who has edged up gradually, full of curiosity): Good-day to you, Master Piero.

PIERO: And to you, Master Pantaloon.

PANTALOON (to Arlekin): How do you, my dear friend . . . Arlekin, you know.

PANTALOON: I marvel that you mourn for him.

ANTIC (to Pantaloon): Leave the lad his grief at least.

PANTALOON (to Piero): I fear you are too lenient.

PIERO: But . . . oh, he was my friend! . . . We were companions so long . . . so true, till I brought Columbine home.

PANTALOON: You didn’t see much of him after that.

PIERO: A woman does part friends so. But that’s all over now, and all our misunderstandings were settled before his death. I nursed him the whole night before he died, for Columbine couldn’t bear to see him . . . she wouldn’t go near him . . . or he wouldn’t have her . . . I don’t know. He turned to me like a young child, and we talked as we used to talk, and he jested and gamed with me just as in the old time . . . I never was so happy. And then when all seemed to be going well, and he getting stronger and warmer of colour, he died.

PANTALOON: Let us hope he died in the faith.

PIERO: Not he. I had stayed by his bedside for hours—he never turned to me, nor spoke to me; as night fell the room grew so quiet, but with dark all the noises in the world seemed to come there to die. Yes, I tell you, the wind-sound, and the thin speech of dead leaves, and the scuffle of mice, and the cry of an unseen horn came stealthily into that room and died there. Just before midnight Arlekin twisted over. “Give me wine,” says he. No, Arlekin, no, that would never do.” “Wine,” he says, “yellow—like sunlight, and red—like love.” Well, I always did spoil him, so I gave it to him. Then he said:

“A thousand years men tell and a great work is wrought.

For many days they sing and a great song is sung.

Men’s sons, their sons’ sons brood, conceiving one great thought.

And few are glorious of heart or hand or tongue.

“Not less his eagerness whom death claims in the light.

The wealth of war oft falls to fortune’s friends, and his;

They also wore who restlessly in dark and light

Threaded the yarn aright, but threw the warp amiss.

“Treach’rous twilight trick’d my eye, my cunning foiled;

My folk were shiftless and my hour unmeet. No blame

Discomfits me. I give the deed for which I toil’d

Into your stronger hand for doing. Be yours the fame.”

And, of course, I wept. “Laugh, you fool,” says he: “that’s my bequest. Aren’t you pleased with your legacy?” I tried to be gay—I drank with him and I chattered, but the tears would trickle over my face. That made him so angry, I could see, and at last he snapped at me, “You’re just like the others.”

“I have a frolic’d for you. Ye have not laugh’d.

I have made laments, and ye have not wept.

I have sung the clouds, and with lower’d eyes

Ye pass. I made the grass to cry,

And ye look’d in the air.

“Now I give you a tragedy.

Cackle, ingratitude. Ye have suck’d me dry.”

Then quickly he leaps to his feet on the bed, strikes an attitude. “Leave me!” he cries. “Out with you, out with you!” I have always spoilt him, so I went; and just as I shut the door behind me, I heard him laugh—a great tearing laugh—such a yell. Then, of course (touching his brow), I knew his mind had gone.

ANTIC: So he died in his bed after all, the rascal.

PIERO: Yes, I had no heart to see him again. I sent those people that one sends to the dead, and they found him breathless and cold. They’ve done their work, and now his body’s only to follow his spirit into the darkness and the chill. (A distant sound of chanting voices, accompanied by Cor Anglais, and occasional brief drum-rattle heard.)

PANTALOON (getting excited): That’ll be the funeral . . . I’ll go and get my coat on. (Exit.)

PIERO (listens, and gradually becomes strained and half-fainting): Antic . . . he was so dear to me . . . in spite . . . Even now I cannot think it’s true.

ANTIC: All men die.

PIERO: Yes, yes, I know; it isn’t that . . . but young Arlekin! (The words of a chant can now be heard.)

ANTIC: (ominous) There is no gainsay them.

PIERO: (half-hearing) Save pain, pain.

PIERO: Weep, weep, oh, weep,

Till ye sleep,

Deep In the meaningless quiet of earth.

The wealth of war oft falls to fortune’s friends, and his;

They also wore who restlessly in dark and light

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Deep In the meaningless quiet of earth.
Piero: Wife, wife, consider! All these people...

Mourner: Take her home.

Pantaloon: Look at her, just look at her. Scandalous,

Pantoaloon: Really, this is horrible,

Piero (drawing her away): Dear Columbine... I loved

Columbine (angry): Yes, you would. You'd desert me

Piero: I can't... She wouldn't go... She, won't

Pantaloon (turning from one to another of the

Mourner: What a fellow it was!

ANTIC (at coffin lid): Your help, neighbours. (Mourners

Columbine (aside): He seems to know a thing or two.

(To Mourner): It's strange that you should

Columbine (coquettishly):

You mustn't say such things to me.

It's not the things, you know.

Mourner: Perhaps I shouldn't mean them;

Columbine: I'll have to go away.

Mourner (stopping her tentative and reluctant retreat):

Mourner: And as insistent.

Mourner: As daring.

ARLEKIN (laughs): What... 'pon my soul! (Takes a

ARLEKIN could cozen.

Mourner: What a fellow it was!

Columbine: Be sure you're just such another. I expect

you're just as bad as he, just as deceiving; just as-

Mourner: As daring.

Columbine (puts her hand sharply and invitingly on

Mourner: I'll try. Master Piero, is this young woman

Piero: She is.

Mourner: Take her home.

Piero: I can't... She wouldn't go... She, won't

Mourner: We'll see how I fare. (Goes up to Colum-

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COLUMBINE (tempertuously): You mind your own busi-

MOURNER: That's to be seen.

COLUMBINE: Such cheek!

Be off! I'll shriek! Enough,

I know your clerical sulk,

You vile monastic hulk!

Pantaloon: Look at her, just look at her. Scandalous,

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Pantaloon: Look at her, just look at her. Scandalous,
PIERO: But where is Arlekin? (Lifts up a guitar and a wine flask.) Oh, mockery! ... (He weeps, brightens.) Arlekin played this prank, be sure dear Arlekin did this.

PANTALOON (taking up a book): More rubbish ... verses. He's played a nice trick on us all; just let me check him; I'll see he sha'n't forget it.

PIERO: But where is Arlekin?

PIERO: Yes, where is Arlekin?

COLUMBINE: Yes, where is Arlekin?

ANTIC: Oh, he'll turn up, the rogue!

COLUMBINE: Oh, will he? You know, I suppose ... Fools, we're fools; he's done us brown. If only I could catch him!

MOURNER: What troubles you, fairest? What enrages you, dearest? What slight overbold do you scold?

MOURNER (angrily): Arlekin has fled.

PIERO: Look you, in his stead—

MOURNER: Nay, now—

PIERO: Nay, now—

COLUMBINE (to Mourner, angrily): You speak when you're bidden! No doubt you're in the know. Just tell me where he's hidden! Thieving, I vow! Tell me the husky's name; I'll spoil their amusing game!

MOURNER (reassuringly): One sun is there,
One moon shines clear,
So all unrival'd without peer.
One love to Arlekin was dear.

COLUMBINE: But Arlekin is ... where?

MOURNER: Why, this is Arlekin! ... all of him that matters,
A late, a gage, a book of songs,
Wine, a Musk (he's lost without that),
And a poodle ... well, the poodle
Somebody may understand.

COLUMBINE: I don't ... You didn't know Arlekin. How dare you speak thus of him?

MOURNER: Your pardon, dear Madonna, I knew him well. He was, as you say, the dearest of men—and such a leg he had!

COLUMBINE: I never said I thought so.

MOURNER: Your pardon; I anticipate; it is a fault of mine. But you were very fond of him; all the world was—alas and alack and alas!

COLUMBINE (weeping): Yes, indeed, alas, alas!

MOURNER: Tears, dear lady, banish tears.

As a consolation

Please accept this poodle

A French poodle, you'll observe
You'll find it altogether to your mind.

COLUMBINE (stroking the poodle): The dear little beast.

MOURNER (gently stroking Columbine's hair): Yes, the dear little beast. (Bends to coffin, picks up book.)

These songs?

COLUMBINE: Oh, I've too wish for them. Here, Piero.

Gives him the book, which he reads greedily.

MOURNER: And this stocking, dear lady, what's to do with this stocking?

COLUMBINE: Give it to me; I can find a use for that. (Snatches it eagerly, moves down stage and examines it, jealously. Sighs with relief, smiles. Aside.) Yes, mine ... I thought ... but it is mine; wherever does he steal it? (Waits boisterously.) O, Arlekin, Arlekin, my dear, my dear.

MOURNER (runs down to her, embraces her wildly):

Columbine, loving and loved.

PIERO: Arlekin? Yes, yes, Arlekin

Close, I'm falling. Close. I love you.

O, my dear, my Arlekin. (Sinks to her knees.)

PIERO (interrupted in his reading, puzzled):

Poor child, she is mad,

Grief has gripped her too nearly, I will take her indoors.
In the meaningless quiet of earth.

(As the procession leaves the stage Arlekin turns to Columbine, places finger on lip, beckons her, rapturously and they flit up left, kiss wildly and rush into Piero's shop, impatiently shutting the double door behind them. The receding drone of the dirge can be heard until the Curtain has fallen.)

Memories of Old Jerusalem.

By Ph. J. Ralfensperger.

II.

Muslims were as yet too proud to enter Christian service. The Muslim Efendis had their own slaves, and did not want other help. All Europeans had to get their servants from the Christian villages north or south of Jerusalem. Our best maids came from Ramallah and Bethlehem. The women's head-dresses of Bethlehem and Ramallah differ in shape, but are alike heavy and tinkling. Besides the heavy wake,* studded with the money they have earned, the women of both villages had long silver chains about their neck and breast, with silver coins dangling from the.

The Bethlehem coif is high and hood-like, while the Ramallah coif is a mere agglomeration of coins—beehisks, majdids, and old Spanish dollars overlapping one another and fixed to the waka in a flat band. The more wealthy had coins hanging down their cheeks as well. My dry nurse was a woman of Ramallah, named Ghāliyeh, and until I was five or six years old she regarded herself as my second mother. Years after I was grown up she used to kiss me when we met, and weep for joy. She was about twenty-five when in our service. I do not remember the exact date of her death, but it happened only a very few years ago. I heard from a friend that Ghāliyeh was blind and must have been nearly ninety when she died. All Eastern women sing to babies, and probably the first rhyme I ever heard was this one sung by her, which I still remember:

"Ya habibi, ya 'ayuni." "O my darling, O my eyes!"
"Ghamasatāk salābhūni." "Your slanders crucified me!"

As a rule food was prepared for the inmates of the house at the discretion of the mind. Rice or burghul—wheat dressed in a peculiar way—was the staple. Meat and vegetables were used in smaller quantities. Every family prepared its own burghul. The wheat is washed and boiled until the grain comes thick and soft, then spread out in the sun to dry. It is then ground in a rough handmill, so as to break each grain into three or four pieces. It is then used like rice. The women grinding the burghul sing melancholy songs.

The headmaster, Mr. Palmer, a German, who, like my father, belonged to the Basel Mission, was the English teacher. There were also two native teachers for Arabic. English, as we spoke it on Mount Zion, was officially the principal language, but Arabic was most used, though prohibited in school-hours and in the playground. When the native usher sneaked round to catch someone talking Arabic, voices were lowered and a mixture of English and Arabic was used, which would have astonished devotees of either

*Coif.
language. Our school-hours were from 8.30 to 11.30 in the morning and from 2 to 4 in the afternoon. The time was divided into half-hours for different subjects, of which the first two were always Scriptural. The principal lessons in Scripture History, General History, Natural Science, Geography, Grammar and Arithmetic were given by the headmaster in English. The native ushers often gave us Scripture lessons, a little geography, and a hint of grammar. We also had two or three German lessons a week, and on one or two extra half-hours for French, which was taught by Mrs. Palmer, who came from the French part of Switzerland. Saturday afternoon was a half-holiday, when the boarders cleaned the house from top to bottom, or sometimes went for a walk. The first Wednesday in the month was our best day. Then Mr. Palmer took all the boys for a ramble across country, giving us notions of natural history, catching beetles, lizards, butterflies, or looking for fossils on the slopes of Abu Thér. Black and yellow scorpions abounded under the stones which surrounded the almost deserted sanctuary of Abu Thér. The modern Muslim well was, no doubt, the site of a Canaanitish high place, the name Thér (bull) remaining from the bull-scare of some statue of Baal. On the western side of the hill stood (a kind of time) with branches driven all towards the east by the prevailing west wind. We were told that this was the very tree on which Judas Iscariot hanged himself. Seen across the valley from our school, the wild branches were like a head of hair; we imagined great white eyes, formed by the empty sockets, as its Turkish name implies. Siloam and Malha peasants used the flat bottom as threshing-floors in summer. Here also the Jerusalem authorities made the jellānīn deposit heaps of earth, gathered from places which had been infested with locusts, and supposed to contain locust-eggs, to be eventually destroyed by fire. Worn-out animals, especially horses, and donkeys from the town-mills were brought down to the Birkeh, and abandoned to their fate. The wretched beasts lived here on the scant grass left by the herds, or on the refuse-straw of the threshing-floors, and passed their last days quietly, except for us. Cruel as boys are without thinking, we would take a stick and jump upon the weakened brute, or try and gallop off, until the horse came down never to rise again. We tried to introduce one or two of those horses into our stable, first tending their wounds and feeding them in the valley; but we never got beyond the gate, our elders explaining to us the futility of such attentions. Soon we would see stray dogs looking over the walls of the Birkeh, and when we looked again for our protégés, they and the jackals had already begun their work upon the carcasses. The dogs of Eastern cities have a public duty to perform. They are helped by lizards and vultures, jackals and hyenas. We used to see the jackals slinking away in the early morning before it was full daylight. All that remained of the carcasses was left to bleach in the fierce sun. The passers-by on foot or horseback held their noses and moved a little faster, and that was all. These living and dead kinds of flies, worms, and beetles, which, in their turn, attracted lizards and chameleons. These, again, were a prey to snakes, which lived in the walls and rocks around the Birkeh. The lively blue-black Carbonarius* (called Hanash) was evidently a descendant of the scriptural Nahash, and a living image of that brazen serpent which was destroyed ages ago in this same valley by command

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<saint's tomb.>

† In Scripture called the Lower Pool of Gihon.
of Hezekiah. The big black "julus," which rolled up as soon as touched, were known as "aseayat Musa" (Moses's cloak) when the latter was created to commemorate the miracle performed by Moses at the court of Pharaoh. Hedgehogs came to feed upon the julus. In fact, the Birket es-Sultan was a kind of biblical menagerie.

(To be continued.)

Views and Reviews.

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

A debate on women's suffrage at this period of the war has almost the effect of comic relief. Inevitably, Mrs. Humphry Ward rushes into print imploping every body not to give votes to women until they have been asked if they would like to have them; and she seems to regard Mr. Arthur Henderson as a serious politician when he declares that "the new Reform Bill spells revolution" (this must be the Nu Speiling), that "the re-organised Labour Party will become the instrument by which its revolutionary principles will be carried through," and that, in this calculation, the six million women voters are an important item. Lord Bryce (him, even I!) warns us to look to Russia as the awful example, and to a few other places as showing the indifferent results of women's suffrage. In the United States, for example, "the general administration was no better and no worse" for women's suffrage; although Lord Bryce might have remembered that Miss Rankin wept as she cast her vote with the majority for war, and thereby added a new influence to politics, "tears, perchance, for blood," as Hamlet said in a different connection.

Between the two examples of Russia with a Revolution, and the United States without a Revolution, Lord Bryce seems to have elucidated nothing; and even if we fall back on Mrs. Humphry Ward's suggestion of a referendum, we are no nearer to reality than absurdity can bring us. For, obviously, if women are competent to decide whether they should have the Parliamentary franchise, they are competent to exercise it; for there is no more difficult question in politics than the determination of voting power and the qualifications for it. What is the Royal Veto, for example, but a vote, the chief difficulty in all forms of federation but the determination of the voting power of its members, and the agreement concerning the basis of qualification? Ask the women the simple question: "Would you like to have a vote," and they would probably answer, "yes," on the authority of their sight as well have it as not; it could do them no harm, and might do them some good. But ask them on what grounds they claimed the vote, whether that of simple existence, economic independence, or political competence; and they would be plunged into the controversies of political theory that history has been unable to decide. The referendum would admit the very thing it is expected to disprove, the political competence of women; and surely no one but Mrs. Ward expects the women of this country to pass an ordinance of self-denial.

But even on this question of the desire of women for the franchise, Lord Bryce was no more clear. It is not an argument against, it is an argument for, women's suffrage to allege that "it is very doubtful whether, if the question were left to a vote of all the women in the country, the chances were against the women," If, to discover what women want, we have to ask them to vote, then the whole case for votes for women is conceded; and Lord Bryce's disputing "of the proposition that there was an abstract right in every human being to take part in the government of the country" is simply academic. For no more than consultation and decision concerning the very basis of government could be devised; the King can do no more even in foreign affairs, the War Cabinet does nothing else, the House of Lords, even in its consideration of this measure (the only taking no other part in the government of this country than that of consultation and decision. There is no escape from the dilemma: either the women do know what they want (in which case, they are the most gifted of human beings), or they do not know what they want (in which case, it is useless to bother about a referendum). Six millions of women are going to have the vote, whether they want it or not; and in that fact, I think, the whole gist of the matter.

Politics is, I suppose, the only art of which the most cynical interpretation is usually the correct one, and the irruption of women into politics has done nothing as yet to modify that interpretation. That famous procession of women, headed by Mrs. Parkhurst, which marched to the Ministry of Munitions and demanded work for women, and was paid for by the Ministry of Munitions, is an example of what I mean.

The organisation of public opinion is one of the chief functions of government; and there is no democratic invention from the caucus to the Press, which cannot be manipulated in the interests of politics. The women have got the vote; whether they want it or not: and in that fact lies, that the Government claims 80 per cent. of the women's and of the soldiers' votes. . . . The Government feels certain that the soldiers' vote will make it safe, but it is anxious to secure a victory at home." The Canadian election has been ostensibly fought on the issue of conscription, and the "Times" correspondent has been so confident and so dubious in a breath that we can only infer that the issue was extremely doubtful in Canada; and that as the Government has secured a victory at home, it has been largely due to the votes of half a million women who have exercised the franchise for the first time. This being the result, it is only another demonstration of the fact that profound constitutional changes (and Conscription for service abroad is so profound a constitutional change in Canada that the legality of the Act is being challenged in the Courts) and a "Times" correspondent informs us that the "Government claims 80 per cent. of the women's and of the soldiers' votes. . . . The Government feels certain that the soldiers' vote will make it safe, but it is anxious to secure a victory at home." The Canadian election has been ostensibly fought on the issue of conscription, and the "Times" correspondent has been so confident and so dubious in a breath that we can only infer that the issue was extremely doubtful in Canada; and that as the Government has secured a victory at home, it has been largely due to the votes of half a million women who have exercised the franchise for the first time. 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Reviews.

W. E. Ford: A Biography. By J. D. Beresford and Kenneth Richmond. (Collins. 6s. net.)

The authors assure us that this is a biography, and we imagine that they arrived at the definition by a process of elimination. But even as biography, it is creative biography; it is the biography of Flamipick, although the authors do not fall into Mr. Zangwill’s error of offering samples of his work. They are wise enough to tell us that William Eiphinstone Ford did no work, left no clue to his existence except the effort he produced upon his friends. He was a Sidonick of education, and, like another Coningsby, Mr. Beresford, father of English poetry, English poetry is reproduced from a pencil sketch at the age of 15 by an unknown artist.” We may remark that if the artist was 15 as the subscription states, he could not be correctly described as "unknown"; on the other hand, if Ford’s real existence at the age of 15 can only be proved by an unknown artist, it cannot be regarded as definitely proved. Ford, let us say, was one of those men who ought to have lived, and done live in this book; why bother about the corpse?

As a type, he is not the novelty to us that he must have been when he first dazzled Mr. Kenneth Richmond’s first inkling of what is clumsily called “synthetic” education. He added practically nothing to educational theory except a determination to work it out in practice; a characteristic stroke of genius which Mr. Caldwell Cock, has made us familiar in this country, which Tolstoy attempted in Russia, and of which Professor Dewey gives many American examples in his “Schools of To-morrow.” However he may have expressed it, he agreed with Carlyle that “the understanding is not a tool; it is a hand that can grasp any tool.” It was Nietzsche’s boast that he had so trained his understanding that he could, when he liked, learn anything; and although Ford never ventured so sweeping an assertion, he nevertheless acted on the hypothesis. He assumed that a child learned nothing that he did not understand, that even the memory could not be properly exercised unless it was re-inforced, and inspired, by the understanding. So his object was not to put positive knowledge into the child, but to elicit the understanding that, to solve its own difficulties, would seek for the knowledge. At the root of his “synthetic” education, which amounted to no more than an exhaustive examination of whatever subject-matter, which sought to show the child that everything was in everything, and the discovery of any one thing in it depended only on another method of approach, it was there was this continual appeal to the understanding, which, after all, is the substance of mind. If a child could not understand a thing one way, then he put it to him in another and another until the child could understand it. Undergraduates of education, as it was for him, the teaching of the child to think for himself, and a difficulty, once understood, does not recur. He recognised implicitly that a child is not a little adult, that he has not all his faculties in being, but that, on the contrary, there is a continuous evolution both of the understanding and the mental processes. Like Herbert Spencer, he had the evolutionary type of mind; from the simple to the complete, was his process, and he confronted children not with results to be learned, but with things to be done. They were taught to look for the conclusion at the end, where, we believe, it is usually to be found; and by the time that they got to it, they were able to understand it. He did not teach grammar first, and language afterwards; he did not bother little boys with Greek syntax when what they were interested in was the life of Greek boys. To some extent he anticipated the modern doctrine: “Teach nothing before the child is ready for it; you will be wasting your time if you do, and injuring the child. But as children are always learning, he had only to enlighten their understanding, to show them the relations between things and the complexity of apparently quite simple phenomena, to enable them to educate themselves, to come out into the world with open eyes and a developed mind.

His psychology was, of course, similar to that of the psycho-analysts; school, just as his philosophic bias was towards the Intuitionalists and the Wictorists. Jung has distinguished the two directions of psychic energy under the names of introversion and extraversion, or, as we say more commonly, repression and expression. The first characterises the gentleman, the second the artist; normal humanity should have both. The conflict between the two, for that, and nothing else, is the definition of sanity. But the child-study of the psychoanalysts has shown us that repression is a most dangerous process; if "men are but children of a larger growth," it is because their attempts to live out their childhood and develop new adaptations to circumstances were thwarted during their early years. They may "ichor o’er the place, play on, and grow to be men like us"; but that is exactly the injury we have done to life. We have stereotyped ourselves, and sent another generation to face the world with the re-actions of children. Even in the correction of bad habits, the repressive method does the maximum of harm, because it drives the impulse underground and concentrates the attention on the offence. Ford says somewhere in this book that lying becomes dignified as a crime under this treatment; it becomes a feat of daring to tell a lie, a proof of skill if one is not discovered, and the proper pride in ourselves is diverted from its proper source, and the whole mind is given a twist. But the expressive method is more concerned with the development of good habits than the repression of bad ones; a child, after all, can only do one thing at a time, and if the master can keep him supplied with things worthy to be done, can fill his mind with things of good report, he will have no difficulty in maintaining discipline, which, by the way, is not properly regimentation but is simply behaviour proper to a learner.

With this bias, it is not surprising to discover that Ford was a believer in the co-education of the sexes, although it is not clear at what age he would adapt the teaching to suit the sexual differentiation. He does not seem to have fallen into the error of most co-educationists of ignoring the sex differentiation and producing scholars indifferently from either sex. He refused to enhance the mystery of sex by ignoring it; but he attempted to explain only the explicable, the psychological, associated with general education than the specialists in the subject. Altogether, he represents a type which is becoming increasingly common; his tendency was, perhaps, too decisively intellectual, tended to encourage the thinker rather than the doer, and to forget the individual in the type. But the real reason why his
school failed was that the authors could not have concealed his identity if it had succeeded; but we are amply compensated by some delightful stories of travel, although the love interest is not well maintained.

The Sense of the Past. The Ivory Tower. By Henry James. (Collins. 6s. net each.)

These two unfinished novels have the additional interest of providing us with "chips from an American workshop," with the notes that Henry James left of his projected development of these themes. His method was to think of his story in terms of fact clearly perceived, and then to translate it by his art into unintelligible apprehension. His characters talk, talk at length, but not to say anything; speech is to them a merely tentative existence which conveys well or has a state of mind or feeling. The impression conveyed to the reader is that produced by a study of the psychology of natural history, particularly that of the insect world; ants tickle the abdomens of aphides, but apparently no milk is produced. That would be too substantial; what is exhibited is the pleasure of the ant in being tickled and the vigour of the ant in tickling. A remarkable fact! Perhaps; but when the aphides is a financial greenhorn, when the ant is a financial speculator, when the whole intention of the book is to demonstrate the utter corruption of soul that the lust of money produces, when the story was so conceived in actual fact, we are not satisfied with this translation of the intelligible into the merely vague. For the defect of Henry James' method and his style is that he cannot dramatise the subjective situation; to achieve what little intelligibility of apprehension he does achieve he is compelled to keep his general tone so low, his general tension so slack, that we have to listen to his characters with a microphone even to hear them talking. He is a composer (to dignify him with an artistic name) who makes his orchestra, and then orders it to play pianissimo "John Brown's Body," or some similarly trumpety tune. He was a psychological artist; yes; but the psychology of the subjective is intensely dramatic. We have only to read Dostoevsky, who was practically incapable of objective writing, to see that all drama is really played in the souls of the participants; and with what revelation of human possibilities did he exhibit the drama of the subjective! But he chose to express, not to bewilder, to give us the substance of thought, not to deprive us of the substance of fact. That is the indication of a dime novel into a sequence of silences which permits him no possibility of variation; and without variation, there can be no drama. Even the ether is subject to stress, which results in electrical discharge; and if he were working in that metaphorical medium, there would be an occasional thunderstorm. But a thunderstorm would be transmitted by his art into a sound no louder than that made by a fly walking on glass; it would have to be presented to his readers not as a thunderstorm, not even as a tension of interest, but as a vague state of hope of somebody that something would, or was about to, happen. When we reflect that this sort of thing was done deliberately, that he thought of a space and laboured throughout a whole book to make his characters express a vague apprehension of the reality of labour, we can only marvel at the pains he took to translate common into unintelligible things, without adding a phrase to literature, a character to fiction, or an observation to psychology.

A Canadian Subaltern. The Home Letters of Billy to his Mother. (Constable. 2s. 6d.)

"Billy's Mother" informs us that these letters were written without any attempt at literary effect, and were intended only for a mother's eye. We agree with her, and we are not mothers.

Pastiche.

Our Philosopher and Cupid.

He was not only a philosopher, but he was philosophical. He welcomed the turbulence of life; it provided opportunities for the cultivation of impartiality. Anyone, if he often remarked, could stimulate the qualities of fortitude and restraint during periods of tranquillity, but few could with urbanity undergo the test of adversity. How easy, he said, it is to be affable to the obsequious, but how difficult to keep the sequence of presumptuous assertion. An over-indulgence in pleasure he considered as reprehensible as an adumbration even under provocation or irritability or resentment. He was also a severe self-critic. These defects he might have defects he had on occasions admitted, but he had suggested on these occasions that these defects need not be symptomatic of puerilism, but could be legitimately classified idiosyncrasies.

Cautiousness of purpose and deliberation of speech made his personality forceful; his efforts for self-control and his subsequent almost unavailing self-possession made his. By self-analysis and a healthy introspection he sought to trace the genesis of his actions. That he should ever be overwhelmed with emotionalism was, we thought, improbable, but his decreasing appearances at the club made us suspicious; and by his own confession were those suspicions confirmed. He said, one night when the club was well represented, that he had augmented his acquaintances by the addition of a member of the opposite sex, and the influence of his association with her had caused considerable dislocation of his opinions. Honesty of thought compelled him to review and revise his previous statements on Liberty. And as there was no merit in encouraging vacillation by yielding to procrastination, he thought the present time was opportune for the amendment of his views.

His definition of Liberty had been, as the club was aware, more comprehensive than that of Mill. Though it included freedom of action for each man, he felt compelled to admit that his recent and opposed definition of Liberty had been, as that definition. Integrity of purpose interdicted censure. His definition of Liberty had been, as that definition. Integrity of purpose interdicted censure. His definition of Liberty had been, as that definition. Integrity of purpose interdicted censure. His definition of Liberty had been, as that definition.
We heard a far-off blackbird sing
And suddenly remembered it was Spring.
And then I remembered your dark eyes and your fragrant
lips and your cool
Hands that did touch mine, and that you were
beautiful.

And our eyes met, and our hands : and glad and elate
We sought the woods and the fields and the Springtime
beyond the City gate.

DeSmond FitzGerald.

Memoranda.

(From last week’s New Age.)

Every luxury bought by fools in the interest
of knives subtracts from the sum of necessities available
for life.

Who controls money has the control of absolute social
equality in his hands.

Are we to ration everything but incomes over a hundred
a year?

Capital is victorious over Labour: the war-map of
the distribution of wealth shows it.

We cannot have Protection for production and Laissez-
faire for distribution.

Without the “goodwill” of Labour the present
capital-values would have to be written down almost to
zero.—Notes of the Week.

If parliaments are corrupt they should be reformed
and not superseded.—S. VerdAd.

A political revolution would only change the personnel
of the Government; and such a change can be
brought about by the simpler means of voting for it.

Our concern is not with the heavenly image of the
State, but with the State as incarnated in the persons
of the people we elect to exercise certain powers.—
National Guardsmen.

Although the wrong end of the stick is in the mud,
the stick is the same, and our need is for education
in getting hold of the right end.

There is no act of effective giving without a complemen-
tary act of receiving.

That which we call inspiration has to be actively
interpreted, as well as received, by the unconscious
intellect.—Kenneth Richmond.

Before Robertson, there were no ladies and gentle-
men, there were only ways and means, and squires and
base varlets on the stage; since Robertson there have
been nothing else but ladies and gentlemen. He made
the stage respectable, and elevated acting not, unfor-
unately, to the rank of a fine art, but to the status
of a learned profession.—John Francis Hope.

In order to see a thing clearly Henry James had to
make a memory of it.

Nobody is likely to be happier “dead” than Henry
James.—R. H. C.

Financial revolutions may come and go, but the
general public is blind to them.

The point about the War Loan is that it has been
subscribed in “cheap pounds”; but if the currency
reverts to its gold basis, the War Loan will be repaid
in “dear pounds.”

If the gold basis is restored, industry will be the
slave of finance, and as politics is always the slave of
industry, finance will be the master of the world.—A. E. R.

The combination of what is really perhaps provin-
cialism in politics with an impossible purity of national
ideals, or else with cosmopolitan ideals, is by no means
rare in Ireland, but it is not good enough for the Modern
Irishman.—John Eglinton.

If we cannot emancipate the clergy from their Byzan-
tine chrysalis, let us at least emancipate ourselves.—
Sant Géron.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

A Trade Union has been described by Mr. Sidney Webb in his "History of Trade Unionism" as a continuous association of wage earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment.

Evolution has been a process, and is apparent not only in industry, in Trade-Unionism, but also in the minds of Trade Unions.

Mr. Osgood in his recently published book entitled "An Alphabet of Economics" says that "a trade union is a rudimentary organ for the ultimate overthrow of capitalism, and Trade Unionism is its activity." Accepting this definition a Trade Union may be described as one who is a member of such an organisation consciously working for the destruction of capitalism and the end of the wage system, which is something more than the maintenance and improvement of the workers' position in industry. The first definition may imply the perpetuation of the wage system, and the latter definition the destruction of the wage system. The difference is in objective, and it is in the objective that a person uses his relative terms and finds reason to express the opinion that, although a person may be a member of a Trade Union organisation, he is in the opposite with the modern principle of Trade Unionism, and cannot be termed expressly a Trade Unionist. "Railway Review." [2]

Mr. Tillett (Salford, N., Lab.), in a maiden speech, said that profiteering commenced as soon as the war began. The Food Controller did not take office until the profiteers had well entrenched themselves. One hon. member had said that the Food Controller did not want to use the prison, but he thought the time had come when even more than the prison should be used for profiteers. They could much more afford to lose all the profiteers that we could afford to lose all the soldiers. We could much more afford to have them all shot than to lose the company of soldiers. (Hear, hear.) He did not believe the Germans would beat us, but there was much more fear that we should be beaten by the profiteer.

If it had been possible to finance the war from day to day by means entirely of the proceeds of taxation and of loans from foreign people, there can be no doubt that the general increase of prices would have been considerably less than it has been; the result would have been to transfer purchasing power to the hands of individuals to the hands of the Government. But the Government, through the Bank of England and the joint stock banks, has created large new credits to enable its contractors to expand their production. It has also borrowed from the Bank of England large sums on Ways and Means advances, the increased amount of which is £72,000,000 in excess of the 1915-16 Reserve. The amount written off goodwill, etc., although less than that of 1915-16 Reserve, is £45,000,000. Investments stand at the increased amount of over a million, and brought in an average yield exceeding 6 per cent., as against about 4½ per cent., for 1915-16. Reserve is £45,000,000. The amount written off goodwill, etc., although less than that of a year ago—when in turn was below the increased appropriation of 1914-15 Reserve—at £55,000,000. Altogether, the position is a very strong one. I have neither the time nor inclination to read the kind of stuff issued by the Amalgamated Press; but it undoubtedly appeals to a very large public. The payment of 40 per cent. for 13 years in succession is a fine achievement.—City Editor of the "New Witness."

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